VOL. II. LITERARY TABLET. No. V.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

—ORIGINAL—

EXISTENCE of GOD, proved from the works of NATURE.

[CONTINUED.]

Stranger. I WILL grant that it can never alter itſelf. But it may be the ſubject of alteration from ſome extrinſic power.

Laertus. Theſe rocks, as you confeſs, are incapable of producing an alteration in themſelves, for they are inanimate and completely inert. It is equally evident that they cannot affect or alter any thing exterior to themſelves. Suppoſing them eternal, they have all the properties of other inanimate, eternal objects; therefore all other inanimate, eternal objects have no power to alter themſelves, or to affect and alter things exterior to themſelves. All animate beings, which ever began to exiſt, were dependent for their firſt exiſtence, and for their ſuſtentation in being. They are deſtitute of all independent efficiency. From perſonal obſervation, we know that all animals of which we have any knowledge, began to exiſt. They therefore could not have been the cauſe of the firſt event or firſt effects that ever tranſpired, for previous to this they had no exiſtence. There was then no power in the univerſe capable of producing the leaſt item of alteration or change. A perfect torpitude and inactiveneſs was univerſally prevalent. Now as there was nothing exiſting but inanimate, torpid objects, which could neither alter themſelves nor things external, you readily perceive that alteration or action never could have obtained exiſtence in the univerſe. But this is contrary to obſerved facts. Actions and changes are obtaining in countleſs inſtances, every moment, and in conſtant ſucceſſion.—Theſe actions and changes muſt have a cauſe; inanimate, inactive things cannot be their cauſe; temporary, inanimate and intelligent beings cannot be their firſt and efficient cauſe; therefore ſome active, eternal and intelligent being muſt be their firſt and efficient cauſe.—This active, intelligent, eternal and efficient cauſe, we call GOD.

Str. But granting that there muſt be an active and eternal cauſe; how do you prove that this cauſe is intelligent?

Laer. From the ſure indications of deſign and arrangement, ſo conſpicuous in every part of creation, and in the operations of nature.—The deſign and wiſdom ſo diſcoverable in every object we behold, is another demonſtration of the divine exiſtence. Contemplate the ſolar fabric. It is ſtationed in the center, and endowed with qualities and powers, by which it diſſeminates light and warmth throughout every part of the ſyſtem. Can any one deny that the ſun was thus created, qualified and ſtationed for the purpoſe of enlightening, cheering and vivifying his ſurrounding orb? Can any one doubt that the planets move in their orbits, turn on their axis, and are inclined to their planes for the purpoſe of more advantageouſly receiving the genial and invigorating beams of the great luminary of heaven? Can any man ſeriouſly think, that the moon was not ordained to alleviate the nocturnal hours of darkneſs? Will any one diſpute that the rain comes down from heaven for this end, that the earth may be refreſhed and rendered fertile? Theſe are inſtances of the adaptedneſs of things to particular ends, that demonſtrate deſign; and deſign muſt be the offſpring of an intelligent deſigner.

At this period of the converſation, the ſtranger was called upon by a companion, and retired without attempting a reply. S. F.

"What had been is not known, what is appears."

THERE is no exclamation more frequent among mankind than 'if they had conducted ſo and ſo, or performed ſuch and ſuch actions at ſome paſt time, their circumſtances would have been far more agreeable than at preſent they are.' Perſons, in this way, are apt to make their preſent ſituation miſerable, merely from reflection on paſt achievements and thus neglecting the anticipation of future felicity, they likewiſe neglect the means of acquiring and enjoying it. Actions which are paſt are irrevocable. In vain do we attempt to felicitate our ſituation by only meditating on the cauſes, which produced our preſent miſery.—It would be truly happy for mankind, did they ſuitably and ſufficiently reflect on paſt conduct to mend in future. Such reflections would augment preſent enjoyment. But why ſhould perſons be continually mourning paſt follies, and accuſing themſelves for not being happy now, without profiting by ſuch thoughts, in better preparing for what of life remains? We very frequently hear men confeſs the inconſiſtency of their paſt conduct, and determine to act with more propriety in future. But the period of reformation is always protracted by the thoughts of preparation. The time is always nigh but ſeldom or never comes.

"Man never is, but always to be bleſt."

What our ſituation would have been, had we purſued a different line of conduct, we cannot determine. In many inſtances we may undoubtedly rationally conclude, that we might have avoided certain calamities, by omitting ſuch actions as we ſuppoſe were the immediate cauſes of them. But even here "what had been is not known." A different line of conduct might have produced different and far greater temptations, which in their conſequences would have occaſioned proportionably greater calamities. Were all mankind permitted to live their lives a ſecond time, I very much doubt whether they would, in general, enjoy more happineſs in the ſecond than in the firſt. For "true happineſs is not the growth of a terreſtrial ſoil." It is the nature of man to ſeek new objects and amuſements, and theſe, when obtained, frequently produce unexpected and unhappy effects. It is then eaſy to reflect where the miſtake was made; but unfortunately it is paſt. The ſufferer cannot recall it, but it warns him of the futility of his expectations. The poet juſtly obſerved,

. . . . . "*I ſum up all mankind,*
And add two thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams, empty dreams."

It ſhould always ſuffice that we know what the paſt has been, what the preſent is, and from theſe conclude what is neceſſary to ſecure the enjoyment of the future. Y.

—SELECTED—

Ideas of Happineſs various among Philoſophers.

THE end of philoſophy has ever been to make men happy; but the different ſects of philoſophers have ſought this end by different ways. The Stoics pretended, that the only means of finding it was to reſiſt every evil, to become inſenſible of miſery, pain, chagrin, and inquietude. They might be right; in fact, when we are free from all evil, happineſs comes of itſelf; but how great is the difficulty of being thus exempt, eſpecially when we do not think of preventing miſery, but wait its arrival with unconcern and a ſtoic firmneſs.—The Epicureans, on the contrary, ſought happineſs and even pleaſures; but perhaps the more pleaſure is ſought after, the leſs it is found. Let us be of neither one ſect nor the other, but wiſely put away from ourſelves, that which may become prejudicial; let us pave the way to happineſs and to ſoft and peaceful pleaſures in which it really conſiſts; but do not let us be anxious to call for it, neither fatigue ourſelves by running after riches and voluptuouſneſs; theſe are like birds which only require their neſts to be prepared, and which come of themſelves to depoſe their eggs in them.

To increaſe the happineſs of thoſe who are about us, appears to me an excellent means of prolonging our own.

The reaſons why the French have more wit and better ſpirits than the Engliſh.

SIR, ſays a man to Swift, I have a mind to ſet up for a Wit. Sir, ſays Swift, I adviſe you to ſit down again. This was very good advice, particularly in this country, where that ſame author has obſerved, not one man in ten thouſand has wit. Almoſt every body is witty in France. Why then there, and not here? The reaſons are purely phyſical; for Engliſhmen ought to have twenty times more wit than Frenchmen.

Ideas are the matter of which wit is made, and the Engliſh have infinitely more ideas than the French. This ariſes from their early

education, from their being a more reading people, &c. You ſee this is a very ſtrong reaſon why the Engliſh ought to be ſuperior to the French in this point.

But if ideas are the materials, fancy is the inſtrument which operates on thoſe materials; and here comes in the ſuperiority of the French. Their fancies are livelier, brighter, and quicker.

The force of the imagination depends a great deal on the influence of the animal ſpirits; its brightneſs on the refinement of thoſe ſpirits; and its quickneſs on the celerity of their movement. Now, in point of copiouſneſs of ſpirits, the Engliſh, I believe, have the advantage of the French. A bull has more ſpirits in him than an ape; but the ape's ſpirits are always in motion, and it is very difficult to move the bull's. This, you ſee, is a caſe in point: and John Bull, I am perſuaded, has a greater quantity of ſpirits than *Jack Singe*. But the Frenchman's ſpirits are more refined and quicker in their motions than ours, and this for a number of reaſons. I ſhall here mention ſome of the principal.

A Frenchman never taſtes malt liquor, he eats no butter, and his bread is light. The meat in France is not near ſo fat as it is here, and it is much better dreſſed. The ſauces are poignant and not greaſy. He eats a great deal of ſoup and light vegetables. He drinks in moderation as much wine and water as is neceſſary to dilute his dinner, and then he takes as much, *good* wine, coffee, and *liqueurs*, as is neceſſary to heat his ſtomach, and quicken the circulation of his blood, *and no more*. Add to this, the pureneſs of the air, and the light ſociety of the moſt amiable women in the world, in which he paſſes ſo much of his time: and you will ſee reaſons enough why his ſpirits ſhould be quicker in their motion, and more refined than ours.

I need not mention how oppoſite our manner of living is; the quantities of blood-food we eat, the quantity of bad wine we drink, the groſſneſs of our atmoſphere, nor many other cauſes that hinder the celerity of our fancies, and conſequently impede conſiderably the vivacity of our wit.

However, the Engliſh do not think much of the ſuperiority of the French in this article.—They pique themſelves on having better ſenſe and more learning than their neighbours; and they have more ſenſe and learning. The French allow this, and it does not give them any uneaſineſs. They value themſelves on being wittier and more amiable than the Engliſh. When a Frenchman has knowledge, and is grown a little ſteady, his company is delightful; when an Engliſhman has fancy and good manners, his ſociety is enchanting. I always thought that thoſe two nations, blended together, would produce perfection in every thing.

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An Extract from BURKE.

On the SUBLIME *and* BEAUTIFUL.

VASTNESS.

GREATNESS of dimenſion is a powerful cauſe of the ſublime. This is too evident, and the obſervation too common, to need any illuſtration; it is not ſo common, to conſider in what ways greatneſs of dimenſion, vaſtneſs of extent, or quantity, has the moſt ſtriking effect. For certainly, there are ways, and modes, wherein the ſame quantity of extention ſhall produce greater effects than it is found to do in others. Extenſion is either in length, height, or depth. Of theſe the length ſtrikes leaſt; an hundred yards of even ground will never work ſuch an effect as a tower an hundred yards high, or a rock or mountain of that altitude. I am apt to imagine likewiſe, that height is leſs grand than depth; and that we are more ſtruck at looking down from a precipice, than at looking up at an object of equal height; but of that I am not very poſitive. A perpendicular has more force in forming the ſublime, than an inclined plain; and the effects of a rugged and broken ſurface ſeem ſtronger than where it is ſmooth and poliſhed. It would carry us out of our way to enter in this place into the cauſe of theſe appearances; but certain it is they afford a large and fruitful field of ſpeculation. However, it may not be amiſs to add to theſe remarks upon magnitude, that, as the great extreme of dimenſion is ſublime, ſo the laſt extreme of littleneſs is in ſome meaſure ſublime likewiſe; when we attend to the infinite diviſibility of matter, when we purſue animal life into theſe exceſſively ſmall, and yet organized beings, that eſcape the niceſt inquiſition of the ſenſe, when we puſh our diſcoveries yet downward, and conſider thoſe creatures ſo many degrees yet ſmaller, and the ſtill diminiſhing ſcale of exiſtence, in tracing which the imagination is loſt as well as the ſenſe, we become amazed and confounded at the wonders of minuteneſs; nor can we diſtinguiſh in its effect this extreme of littleneſs from the vaſt itſelf. For diviſion muſt be infinite as well as addition; becauſe the idea of a perfect unity can no more be arrived at, than that of a complete whole, to which nothing may be added.

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INFINITY.

ANOTHER ſource of the ſublime, is *infinity*; if it does not rather belong to the laſt. Infinity has a tendency to fill the mind with that ſort of delightful horror, which is the moſt genuine effect, and trueſt teſt of the ſublime. There are ſcarce any things which can become the objects of our ſenſes, that are really and in their own nature infinite. But the eye not being able to perceive the bounds of many things, they ſeem to be infinite, and they produce the ſame effects as if they were really ſo. We are decieved in the like manner, if the parts of ſome large object are ſo continued to any indefinite number, that the imagination meets no check which may hinder its extending them at pleaſure.

Whenever we repeat an idea frequently, the mind, by a ſort of mechaniſm, repeats it long after the firſt cauſe has ceaſed to operate.—After whirling about, when we ſit down, the objects about us ſtill ſeem to whirl. After a long ſucceſſion of noiſes, as the fall of waters, or the beating of forge-hammers, the hammers beat and the water roars in the imagination long after the firſt ſounds have ceaſed to affect it; and they die away at laſt by gradations which are ſcarcely perceptible. If you hold up a ſtrait pole, with your eye to one end, it will ſeem to extend to a length almoſt incredible. Place a number of uniform and equidiſtant marks on this pole, they will cauſe the ſame deception, and ſeem multiplied without end. The ſenſes ſtrongly affected in ſome one manner, cannot quickly change their tenor, or adapt themſelves to other things; but they continue in their old channel until the ſtrength of the firſt mover decays. This is the reaſon of an appearance very frequent in madmen; that they remain whole days and nights, ſometimes whole years in the conſtant repetition of ſome remark, ſome complaint, or ſong; which having ſtruck powerfully on their diſordered imagination, in the beginning of their phrenſy, every repetition reinforces it with new ſtrength; and the hurry of their ſpirits, unreſtrained by the curb of reaſon, continues it to the end of their lives.

Method of Studying, Reading, and Selecting from Authors.—From D'Argenſon's Eſſays.

I return with pleaſure to the favourite ſubject of my reflections, becauſe it is that of my taſte and amuſement; namely, reading and ſtudy. There are two ſorts of them in the cabinet; the one belongs to our profeſſions and functions: therefore the magiſtrate ought to ſtudy the general principles of juriſprudence, and give the greateſt attention to affairs ſubmitted to his deciſion. The miniſter, of whatever kind his adminiſtration may be, ought to ſtudy the principles of the object committed to his care, and apply them as occaſions require. The father of a family is obliged to think of what may ſecure or increaſe his fortune, to take care of his property, and keep an account with himſelf as well as with others. Theſe are neceſſary ſtudies and occupations, and muſt not be neglected. But there is another kind of ſtudy, merely pleaſurable, free in its object, and which may ſerve as a relaxation from ſerious and neceſſary ones. There are people happy enough not to be obliged to employ themſelves but in ſtudies of that nature. Women, eſpecially, if they be fortunate enough to amuſe themſelves with reading, cannot read too much; by a little method, and a proper choice of books, they will find infinite remedies againſt laſſitude, and abundant ſources of inſtruction.

Life, for a perſon who wiſhes to be virtuous and amiable, is a continual ſtudy. We improve in ſociety by living and converſing with thoſe whoſe converſations and examples are worth hearing and imitating; we learn to diſcover and avoid the ridicule of certain perſons, whom we but too frequently meet with, but with whom we ought to form no connection. However this ſtudy of ſociety cannot fill up all the moments of life; it often experiences forced interruptions, longer than we would wiſh for. It is then we ought to apply ourſelves to ſtudy in ſolitude; that is to ſay, to reading: but we muſt know how to read to advantage; for doing it without method, choice or taſte, is a real loſs to the cultivation of the mind; it ſerves, at moſt, to fill up ſome idle moments;

and, when we read in this manner, although we may have a good memory, we neither learn nor retain any thing.

For my part, my method of reading with advantage, books of all kinds, foreign to my profeſſion, is as follows. In the firſt place, I recollect the firſt principles of all the ſciences I learned in my youth; afterwards I conſider in which of theſe ſciences I wiſh to gain a more extenſive knowledge; I do not ſeek it in didactic books, in treatiſes made preciſely to inſtruct; ſuch kind of reading would form too profound a ſtudy, and require too much application, in which people who quitted other ſerious ſtudies for it, would find no relaxation: I ſeek for books which contain the hiſtory of each ſcience, the progreſs it has made in different ages, and the rational deductions of authors and artiſts, to whom it owes its progreſs. I am perſuaded, that by this hiſtorical ſtudy alone of the arts and ſciences, a man of the world may learn as much as he wiſhes to know of them, and that a good Encyclopedia might be made by uniting the hiſtory of each ſcience and art, and ſhewing how one derives from the other, and the relations that are between them.

My cuſtom is, with books whoſe ſubjects appear intereſting, to read them over, and then form a general judgment of the work: afterwards, if I think it worth while, read them a ſecond time, make extracts of the beſt part of their contents, and what appears to me moſt novel, and criticiſe the principal errors into which the author may have fallen. Such is my method with books of ſcience and hiſtory; with reſpect to thoſe of ſimple literature, poems, romances, &c. performances of which we muſt not abſolutely deprive ourſelves, becauſe they are a dernier reſort againſt the fatigue and uniformity of more ſerious books, I make no extracts from them, but content myſelf after reading them over, with writing, in a few words, my opinion upon each, to prevent thoſe who may be tempted to read them after me, the trouble of beginning an author, by whom they would neither be amuſed nor entertained.

LIBERALITY.

THE moſt acceptable thing in the world is a diſcreet liberality. He that gives to all without diſcretion, will ſoon ſtand in need of every one's aſſiſtance.

Liberality does not ſo much conſiſt in giving largely, as in giving ſeaſonably.

He is not to be eſteemed liberal who does as it were, pick a quarrel with his money, and knows not how either to part with it, or keep it; but he that diſpoſes of it with diſcretion and reaſon; that proportions his bounty to his ability; chuſes his objects according to their neceſſities; and confers his bounties when they can do moſt good.

Thoſe perſons (ſays Tacitus) are under a mighty error, who know not how to diſtinguiſh between liberality and luxury. Abundance of men know how to ſquander, that do not know how to give.

We ſhould be generous—but not profuſe or profligate.

KANG-HI, EMPEROR OF CHINA.

KANG-HI was one of the moſt illuſtrious princes that ever ſat upon the throne of China. To great talents and a comprehenſive underſtanding he added the graces of virtue and of piety, and from his earlieſt life exhibited that ardor of mind ſo well ſuited to the difficult taſk of government. He aſcended the throne in 1661, and died in 1724.

When the Emperor Cham-chi, his father, was on his death-bed, he aſſembled his children together to fix upon a ſucceſſor to his kingdom. On aſking his eldeſt ſon if he ſhould like to be Emperor, the latter anſwered that he was too weak to ſupport ſo great a burden. The ſecond made nearly the ſame anſwer. But when he put the queſtion to young Kang-hi, who was not quite ſeven years old, he replied—

"Give me the Empire to govern and you ſhall ſee how I ſhall acquit myſelf."

The Emperor was much pleaſed with the bold and ſimple anſwer.

"He is a boy of courage," ſaid Cham-chi: "let him be Emperor."

The pomp and the buſineſs of the throne did not interrupt the labors of Kang-hi. He uſed to tell his children, by way of making them ſtudy—

"I came to throne at the age of eight years. Tching and Lin, my two miniſters, were my maſters, and they made me apply myſelf inceſſantly to the ſtudy of the King, and the annals of the Empire. Afterwards they taught me eloquence and poetry. At ſeventeen years of age my paſſion for books made me get up before day, and ſit up very late in the night. I applied my mind ſo much that my health ſuffered by it, but my ſphere of knowledge was enlarged, and a great Empire cannot be well governed unleſs the monarch has a great ſhare of knowledge."

A ſhort time before he died, he ſent for the princes his ſons, and thus addreſſed them—

"I have diligently ſtudied hiſtory, and I have made my reflections upon every thing that has happened in my reign. I have obſerved that all thoſe who were deſirous to do miſchiefs to others died miſerably; that thoſe who had no feeling met with perſons more cruel than themſelves; and that even ſoldiers who were ſanguinary without neceſſity did not die a natural death. The Tien (Heaven) revenges one man by another, and he often makes him that has prepared the poiſon drink it himſelf. I am now ſeventy-two years of age: I have ſeen the fourth and even the fifth generations of many families: I have conſtantly obſerved happineſs, peace, and wealth, perpetuate themſelves in thoſe families who love virtue. Poverty, calamity, reverſe of fortune, and a thouſand accidents, have before my eye precipitated into miſery, or deſtroyed thoſe families that had enriched themſelves by injuſtice, and who were prone to revenge and delivered up to diſorder. I have concluded, then, from all that I have ſeen, that the courſe of events is juſt. Thoſe who act uprightly gather the pleaſant fruits of their good conduct, and thoſe who act viciouſly receive their puniſhment even in this world."

His penetration of mind, his great knowledge, the majeſty of his appearance, his bravery, his magnificence, his indefatigable application to the buſineſs of his kingdom, procured Kang-hi from his ſubjects the glorious appellation of "the father of his people."

[*N. Y. Weekly Muſeum.*

FARRAGO.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Writers for the Tablet, eſpecially thoſe who leave their pieces in the Printing-Office, are requeſted to place over each of their productions, theſe words—*For the Tablet*—to diſtinguiſh them from thoſe which are intended for the Gazette.

Several compoſitions have lately come under our inſpection. Such of them as we ſuppoſe will entertain the readers, and not *diſhonor* the writers, we ſhall, with pleaſure, inſert.

The ſecond part of K's poetico-proſaic communication is received, and appears as *excellent* as the firſt. We know not the author; but we ſeriouſly adviſe him never to attempt getting aſtride Pegaſus again, leſt that *inſulted* animal ſhould turn frantic, and endanger the rider's life.

EDWIN, A. Z. and ſome others we think may ride with ſafety.

We feel ourſelves under great obligations to a number who have furniſhed matter for the Tablet. Some diſtant correſpondents have done more than was expected—but have they *all* fulfilled their engagements?

MARRIED,

At Charleſton, (S. C.) Mr. James Allwood, to Miſs Elizabeth Allwrong.—At Shagticoke, N. Y. Mr. William Kent, aged 75, to the widow Elizabeth Generſon, aged 60—"Coo on ſweet doves."

At Charleſtown, (Maſs.) Mr. Joſeph Cuſhing, Editor of the Farmer's Cabinet, Amherſt, to Miſs Rebecca Edmonds, of Charleſtown.

In this place, laſt Thurſday fen'night, Dr. Elipha-let Lyman, *of Stafford, (Con.) to Miſs* Abigail Ripley, *daughter of the late Rev. Sylvanus Ripley.*

The meaneſt cottage, or coſtlieſt dome,
Is but an upper chamber to the tomb.

DIED,

At New-Orleans, Joſeph Briggs, Eſq. private ſecretary to Governor Claiborne—at the ſame place, of the yellow fever, Gov. Claiborne's wife & child.

At Enoſborough, (Ver.) Rev. Job Swift, D. D. of Addiſon.—At Groton, Dea. Benjamin Bancroft, aged 80.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PHILANTHROPY REWARDED.

LOUD howl'd the wind, all heaven was fabled o'er,
Lightning, in wild confuſion, ſeem'd to fly,
Old ocean mad'ning laſh'd the wave-worn ſhore,
And grumbling thunder roar'd along the ſky.

Oh ſcene of dread! wild horror's felleſt form
Danc'd, wrapt in darkneſs, as he flitted o'er;
Th' affrighten'd ſea-bird, conſcious of the ſtorm,
Scream'd from afar, and wander'd for the ſhore.

When Jack aloft, thus to his mates on deck,
The wind—for heaven's ſake, keep her in the wind!
Through ſtreaks of lightning I perceive a wreck;
Up, up, bear up, let's help or foe or friend.

A rope was thrown, juſt when the lightning blaz'd;
Two ſinking tars, thus aided by its fire,
Caught it, were ſav'd—bold Jack with tranſport gaz'd;
They were his brother, and his aged ſire.

A. Z.

POOR PURSE.

THRO' the journey of life in which pleaſures ariſe,
We travel, with cares e'er oppreſs'd;
Thoſe pleaſures alluring, deceive our fond eyes,
With nought but a *poor purſe* we're bleſs'd.

The briſk gallant youth we behold fill'd with joy,
In the hope of a female careſs'd;
Deceiv'd by his paſſion and us'd as a toy,
At length with a *poor purſe* he's bleſs'd.

The fop in his pride ſtruts in laced coat gay,
At ſome object of worth he has gueſs'd;
Expecting the prize, ſpends in riot the day,
Deſpairing, with a *poor purſe* he's bleſs'd.

So thro' life's varying ſcenes, deck'd with beauty's fair flowers,
We are often by thouſands careſs'd;
In pleaſures and joys we ſpend the gay hours,
But at laſt with a *poor purſe* we're bleſs'd.

AGLAUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

TIME AND DEATH.—BY YOUNG.

EACH moment has its ſickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous ſcythe, whoſe ample ſweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower ſphere
Of ſweet domeſtic comfort, and cuts down
The faireſt bloom of ſublunary bliſs.
Bliſs! ſublunary bliſs!—proud words and vain;
Implicit treaſon to divine decree!
A bold invaſion of the rights of Heav'n!
I claſp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace,
What darts of agony had miſs'd my heart!
Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the ſtars.
The ſun himſelf by thy permiſſion ſhines;
And one day thou ſhalt pluck him from his ſphere.
Amid ſuch mighty plunder, why exhauſt
Thy partial quiver on a mark ſo mean?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me?
Inſatiate archer! could not once ſuffice?
Thy ſhaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was ſlain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O Cynthia! why ſo pale? Doſt thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to ſee thy wheel
Of ceaſeleſs change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my borrow'd bliſs! from fortune's
Precarious courteſy! not virtue's ſure, [ſmile,
Self-given, ſolar ray of ſound delight.
In ev'ry varied poſture, place and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy!
Thought, buſy thought! too buſy for my peace!
Thro' the dark poſtern of time long elaps'd,
Led ſoftly by the ſtillneſs of the night,
Led, like a murderer (and ſuch it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleaſing paſt,
In queſt of wretchedneſs perverſely ſtrays;
And finds all deſart now; and meets the ghoſts
Of my departed joys; a num'rous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blaſted cluſters I lament:
I tremble at the bleſſings once ſo dear,
And ev'ry pleaſure pains me to the heart.
Yet, why complain? or why complain for one;
Hangs out the ſun his luſtre but for me,
The ſingle man? Are angels all beſide?
I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot.

BEAUTY WILL FADE.

THE rainbow, tinged with various hue,
Delights and faſcinates the view;
But the bright beauties it diſplays,
Darken and vaniſh while we gaze.

Fair CLOE dreams, in ſoft repoſe,
Of dances, operas, billetdoux;
A world of bliſs! but, luckleſs maid,
Soon as thou wak'ſt the enchantment's fled.

The roſe, that blooms, upon the buſh,
And meets the morning bluſh for bluſh,
Before the ſun's meridian blaze,
Loſes its luſtre and decays.

What's beauty elſe! tranſient as glittering bows,
A momentary dream, or withering roſe!

J.

A SONG.—BY DRYDEN.

CLOE found Amyntas lying,
All in tears upon the plain;
Sighing to himſelf, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

Sighing to himſelf, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Ever ſcorning and denying
To reward your faithful ſwain:
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

Ever ſcorning, and denying
To reward your faithful ſwain;
Cloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him he lov'd in vain:
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

Cloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him he lov'd in vain:
But, repenting, and complying,
When he kiſs'd ſhe kiſs'd again:
Kiſs'd him up before his dying;
Kiſs'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

ELEGY IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

BY SMOLLET.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my ſoul her wonted reſt:
Since firſt thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my penſive breaſt!

Let happy lovers fly where pleaſures call,
With feſtive ſongs beguile the fleeting hour,
Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
Or preſs her wanton in love's roſeate bow'r.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
Where ſhepherds pipe, and virgins dance around,
Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant ſhade,
To hear the muſic of the grove reſound.

I'll ſeek ſome lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivied wall,
And ſheeted ghoſts drink up the midnight dew:

There, leagued with hopeleſs anguiſh and deſpair,
A while in ſilence o'er my fate repine;
Then, with a long farewel to love and care,
To kindred duſt my weary limbs conſign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, ſhed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my ſorrows reſt;
Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love ſincere,
And bid the turf lie eaſy on my breaſt?

MIRROR OF MOMUS.

A SMALL gentleman challenged a very large man to a duel. "I have not" ſays the large man "an equal chance, on account of your diminutive ſize. I will chalk out a picture of you on my body, and if you ſhoot out ſide of the mark, why, it ſhan't go for any thing, and you ſhall fire again."

A DUEL was lately fought near Dublin, by two Attornies. An Iriſhman deſcribing it, ſays, one of the parties was *ſlightly wounded* in the *hat!*

PETHAGORAS held, and other grave ſages,
Who liv'd, in learn'd or ignorant ages,
That the ſpirits of men, when life from us paſſes,
Now crawl into ſheep and now animate aſſes.
All this may be true—yet oftener, I ween,
The *ſpirits* of *aſſes* take *bodies of men.*

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